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## Desire for Heaven

The words of this song were composed by Rev. John G. Kissner, C. Ss. R., who died after a brief illness of three days, Jan. 9, 1920.

I yearn for yonder starry dome,  
To be my heav'nly home,  
My heav'nly home.  
Angelic choirs there sing to greet me,  
And hosts of blessed saints will meet me  
No sorrow there, nor painful anguish;  
In sweetest love my soul will languish.  
I yearn to taste those joys of love  
In heav'n above.

Our Blessed Lady graciously  
Herself will welcome me,  
She'll welcome me;  
And lead me straight, by right maternal,  
To Christ her Son, my God eternal.  
Then, highest of sublimest graces,  
I'll live entranced in His embraces.  
I sigh in yearning for that day,  
That happy day.

No lapse of time can e'er destroy  
That home, or dull its joy,  
Its endless joy;  
For God Himself, the source eternal  
Of bliss and happiness supernal  
Will satiate my soul; and never  
Vile creatures me from Him shall sever.  
I yearn for Him forevermore,  
Forevermore.

—John G. Kissner, C. Ss. R.

## FATHER TIM CASEY

The Academy was once again in full swing, and vacation seemed nothing more than a sweet and distant memory. The new arrivals had already formed deathless friendships and fastened their souls with hooks of steel to divers and sundry other girls whose very names they had not known two weeks before. Father Casey, who was waiting for the chaplain's return, strode up and down the porch before the latter's picturesque little cottage, reciting his breviary, but the sublime thoughts of the psalmist kept getting strangely intermingled with the chatter of a group of pupils who had sought shelter from the September sun under an oak tree on the lawn.

"Miserere mei, Deus," began the priest aloud in a desperate attempt to fix his attention on his prayers.

"Did you girls have a nice confessor at home?" Imogene's voice rang out clear and distinct as the notes of a silver bell on the quiet air and sadly upset Father Casey's "Miserere".

"I had," replied Lola. "I used to go twice almost every week. But he was changed to another parish. It almost broke my heart. I didn't go to Confession for more than two months after he left."

"Didn't you like the priest that took his place?"

"I thought I would. He was kind of good looking. The first time I went to him, I wanted to talk a little after I finished my Confession. I said: 'Father, are we going to have a parish picnic again this summer?' And what do you think he said?"

"What? What did he say?" asked the others eagerly.

"Just like the others, he said: 'My child, this is a confessional, not an information bureau.'"

"The mean thing! He must be a crank, too, even though he was good looking!"

"I'll say he is! I wouldn't go to him again, if there wasn't another priest in the world!" muttered Lola viciously.

"I had the loveliest confessor," said Imogene. "All us girls were crazy about him."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He is tall with black curly hair, and Oh, such a wonderful singer! A rich tenor voice!"

Father Casey had thrown down his breviary in despair and approached the garrulous group.

"Do you young ladies", he asked, "remember Oza?"

Some of the pupils were about to venture to guess that he was "a man in the Bible", but poor simple Catherine brought down confusion upon her innocent head by saying:

"No, Father; I don't know him. Does he live here?"

When the laugh at Catherine's expense had subsided, Father Casey began gravely:

"He is the man of whom holy scripture says: 'Oza put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it: because the oxen [that were drawing it] kicked and made it lean aside. And the indignation of the Lord was enkindled against Oza, and He struck him for his rashness: and he died there before the ark of God.'"

The girls, puzzled, stared at the priest wondering what he would say next. He said:

"What is a sacrament?"

"An outward sign instituted by Christ to give grace", they rattled in chorus.

"If Christ gives to an external sign the power of conferring supernatural grace, He gives to that external sign divine power, makes it divine, does He not?"

"Yes, Father."

"Which is more sacred, an external sign to which Christ has given divine power, that is, a sacrament, or the ark of the covenant upon which God merely rested?"

Of course they all answered that a sacrament is more sacred. Father Casey continued:

"Oza touched the ark. He seemed to have a pretty good reason for doing so, yet God struck him dead for his rashness. How very displeased therefore must not God be when anyone treats a sacrament disrespectfully—and without any reason at all!"

"You mean a sacrilegious Communion, don't you, Father?" ventured Catherine.

"Sacrilegious Communion, surely," he replied, "would be an example—it is great disrespect offered towards the greatest of all the sacraments. But there are other ways in which disrespect may be shown towards a sacrament, and there are other sacraments towards which disrespect may be shown. Let me give you an instance: I know several girls, just your age, who speak in a very light, thoughtless manner of Confession. They are even bold enough to criticize the confessor.

If he does not chance to please their fickle fancy, they remain away from Confession for that reason. If they like him, they go to Confession in order to talk to him rather than to confess their sins. By such conduct and conversation they show more disrespect towards the sacrament of Confession than Oza showed by imprudently touching the ark."

Father Casey's hearers saw the point and hung their heads with shame. They were good girls and willing to acknowledge a fault. One of them said:

"Father, is it really so bad as that? We did not mean any disrespect towards the sacrament."

"I know, my child, you did not mean disrespect—nevertheless you showed disrespect, even without meaning it. This is bad for others: you are likely to scandalize Protestants and give them a very wrong idea of the Catholic sacrament of Confession. You are likely to scandalize even Catholics: when they hear you speaking in this foolish and frivolous manner of Confession, they may be turned away from the frequent and salutary use of this sacrament. It is bad for yourself: if you are thinking only of the priest, of his appearance, and of your attraction for him, you are likely to forget that, in the confessional, he is the representative of Jesus Christ and the divinely constituted judge of your sins. If you are thus giddy and frivolous in the matter of Confession, you are apt to neglect the serious thought and fervent prayer necessary to excite yourself to sincere sorrow for your sins and a firm purpose of avoiding them for the future—in that case, you would actually make a bad and sacrilegious Confession."

"Oh, Father," cried Imogene in alarm, "I hope I did not do that! I used to be so afraid that every Confession was bad. Then the priest told me it was wrong to worry about Confession. And now you say it is wrong not to worry. Oh, dear!"

"My good girl, I said nothing of the sort. It is wrong to worry about Confession. Worry never does any good in anything. But while you should be careful to avoid worry, you should at the same time remember that Confession is a most important and sacred thing and you should treat it seriously and with respect."

"Can't you go to Confession to a priest if you like him?" asked Catherine.

"Of course you can, foolish girl, if he helps you to know your faults and to correct them. Only remember that you should go to Confession in order to receive pardon for your sins and light and strength



to avoid them for the future. You should never go to Confession simply because you like the confessor, any more than you should stay away because you do not like him."

"Shouldn't we talk to the priest at all in the confessional?" asked Ellen. "I used to recite my sins just the way they are in the examination of conscience in the prayer book, and a priest scolded me for it once. He said: 'Don't be a phonograph; be natural.'"

"Of course, be natural!" replied Father Casey. "Do not come with the same identical, stereotyped list of faults week after week until the priest knows it by heart. Be natural; talk to the priest, by all means—not about the next parish picnic, but about the affairs of your immortal soul. After you have said whatever is necessary or useful on that subject—then shut up and get out."

"Oh, Father Casey, I think you're awful!" they cried.

"Well," said Imogene after a pause, "if we are not to pay any attention to what the priest is like, I suppose there is no use having a regular confessor—just go to anybody that's handy."

"There is one class of people," said Father Casey, "who should by all means have a regular confessor and should above all do what he tells them."

"Who are they?"

"They," he replied, "are the scrupulous—those who, in spite of the fact that they are trying to do their best, are always worried for fear they are making bad Confessions, always tortured on account of trifles, always undecided as to what is right and what is wrong. Such persons, if they keep running from confessor to confessor, are likely to become more and more confused and entangled until finally they go completely crazy or give up the practice of virtue altogether. There is one sure cure—and one only—for such persons. That is to choose a prudent confessor, go to him regularly, and obey him blindly."

"I don't think I am scrupulous," said Imogene honestly.

"I should say not!" interjected one of her companions.

"I don't think I am scrupulous," pursued Imogene, disregarding the interruption. "Then I shouldn't have a regular confessor, should I?"

"Well," said the priest, "that depends on your dispositions of soul. Persons who have a habit of mortal sin and find great difficulty in overcoming it, ought to choose a regular confessor. It often happens that persons with a bad habit look for a different confessor each time, and thus the chains of the evil habit are forged stronger and stronger until

they become abject slaves to it. If you have a bad habit, go once a week to the same confessor, ask him to suggest means for breaking the habit, and follow those means faithfully until it is broken. Then, too, persons who are leading a good life and sincerely striving to grow in virtue, will do much better if they put themselves under the guidance of a regular confessor. They should make a careful—not a long or scrupulous, but a careful—examination of conscience before every Confession, try to discover their principal faults and the causes of them, ask the confessor to suggest means for overcoming these faults, and give him an account of how they have used the means suggested. Those are the three classes of persons who should have a regular confessor."

"Who are the three classes, Father? I forgot."

"They are: first, the scrupulous; second, those who have a habit of mortal sin; third, those who are really virtuous and sincerely and constantly striving to grow in the love of God. As for all the rest, that is, those who are fairly good but will not make up their minds to try hard to become more perfect, it makes little difference whether they have a regular confessor or not. Though, to tell the truth, I should not like to see any of you in that class. They are what we call lukewarm, and the Bible contains a very severe condemnation of the lukewarm."

"How often should we go to Confession?" asked Lola.

"If you ever have the misfortune to fall into mortal sin, you should go to Confession as soon as possible," replied Father Casey. "It is a dangerous thing to remain deliberately in mortal sin even for one hour, for during that hour you might meet with a sudden death and be lost forever."

"But suppose we try not to commit any mortal sins, how often should we go?"

"Once a week," replied the priest. "And just here I should like to impress upon you girls that a really good and faithful weekly Confession is by no means an easy matter. First of all, it requires God's grace. Therefore when you go to the church to prepare for Confession, you should begin by saying a few very earnest prayers for the help of God's grace. Secondly, it requires serious thought and self examination. The danger with weekly penitents is that they are likely to become mere parrots—likely to go into the confessional and 'recite a piece' instead of making a Confession. To avoid this danger you must keep a watch over your conduct and especially over the motives of your conduct. Thus, and only thus, will you be able to discover your prin-

cial and most dangerous faults, the cause of these faults, and the most efficient method for overcoming them. Whenever the time comes for your weekly Confession, be serious, be earnest, but try never to be worried or scrupulous. Keep in mind what this sacrament is, and then you will make proper use of it. A certain sainted superioress, whenever she saw her Sisters preparing for Confession, used to say to them: 'Go, my daughters. Wash yourselves well in the Blood of Jesus Christ.' It is indeed a sacrament where our souls are cleansed from sin through the merits of the Precious Blood."

The priest walked away. As soon as he was out of earshot, Imogene said:

"I should think Father Casey would be the dearest confessor."

"Oh, he's perfectly lovely!" said Lola.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. SS. R.

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## THE OUR FATHER: THY KINGDOM COME, VI.

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### FOURTH BEATITUDE.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill" (Math. V, 6).

The word—justice—does not mean here natural justice or honesty, in dealing with our fellow-men or giving every one his due; but it means holiness of life, the faithful keeping of the law of God: in other words, the faithful striving to save one's soul for in Scripture the epithet *just man* is applied only to him who faithfully loves God and his neighbor. Such a one earnestly endeavors to lead a holy life and secure his salvation. He hungers and thirsts after justice, his salvation, and as Jesus Christ says, he shall have his fill, for he will surely be saved, and will enjoy perfect happiness in heaven after his death. Such is the destiny of every man to secure the salvation of his soul.

1. Salvation is the most important affair in this life, for our everlasting happiness depends on it. All other affairs regard only comparative trifles, for they concern only temporal things and have only temporal results. If we fail therein only temporal loss is incurred; if we fail in the affair of our salvation, we shall undergo endless loss and punishment.

2. We can judge of the importance of the affair of our salvation by considering how greatly God, who is infinitely wise and Truth itself, esteems the affair of our salvation. To enable us to save our soul, God

sent his only Divine Son upon the earth, that he might become man, lead a life of poverty, obscurity, and hardships, and finally die a most cruel and ignominious death on the cross shedding every drop of his most precious blood; and it was also to enable us to save our soul, that Jesus Christ preached and instructed mankind, founded his Church with its sacraments, protected her against all her foes for 1900 years, and promised to hear all our prayers, and to impart to us all the helps we need to save our soul!

3. Turn your attention to the millions of martyrs, and see how highly they esteemed the affair of their salvation, for they underwent for their salvation the most frightful torments that human cruelty and ingenuity could devise! Consider also the hundreds and hundreds of millions of men, women and even children, who in order to save their souls, heroically overcame the devil, the world, and their own passions! And these persons were not only the most holy and virtuous but also the most intelligent that ever dwelt on earth! All that they did to insure their salvation, they would have refused to do for any other object!

4. Salvation is the *one thing necessary* for us all. It is not necessary for us to be rich, to shine among men, to be great, to enjoy life, as worldlings understand it, for in a few years at most we should have to give up all this in order to "go into the house of our eternity", and if we have not earnestly endeavored to save our soul, we shall no more taste pleasure, or happiness, but shall be forever relegated to the abode of woe and misery! What then will profit you that which you have enjoyed in this life!

5. Our salvation is our *personal* affair. Nobody else can save our soul for us; neither priests, nor relatives, nor friends; no! not even God himself can do it for us; He can and will help to save only those who really desire and are *willing to do their share* in work of their salvation.

6. There is no remedy for us, if we fail to save our soul. Other failures may be remedied, for they are only temporal. God gives us our whole life-time to employ in our salvation. If we have failed to do so in our life-time, we can no longer do so after death, for then our doom is "fast sealed forever". The time of our death is uncertain and unknown to us. Wherefore we should so live and work at our salvation, as to be always hungering and thirsting after justice, after our salvation, for the night of death will come unexpectedly, when

we shall no longer be able to labor for our salvation.

7. Let us bear always in mind that the work of our salvation is indeed very difficult and very long, for it should last all our life! Although difficult, it is nevertheless in our power, in the power of every man. To save our soul we have only to will it sincerely and earnestly every day of our life. That we may sincerely and earnestly will it, we must first earnestly desire it every day; if we daily desire it earnestly, we shall surely every day work earnestly at our salvation. If we every day work earnestly at our salvation, we shall also every day earnestly pray to God for His help, mindful of Christ's saying: "Without Me you can do nothing" (John XV, 5), and we are sure that with His help that we are bound to succeed, for St. Paul says: "I can do all things (and save my soul) in Him who strengtheneth me" (Phil. IV, 13).

Wherefore let us do daily all we can to save our soul, and pray daily for God's help and our experience shall verify in our regard Christ's saying: "Blessed are they that hunger after justice for they shall have their fill".

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. SS. R.

### MY CALVARY

Ever changing, ever new,  
Life is ebbing to its close,  
As the sunbeam drinks the dew  
From the petals of the rose.  
Naught remains; still I may see  
My Calvary!

Off' the paths of duty turn  
Where my weakness would not go.  
Hard the bitter truth to learn,  
False the joys of here below.  
Yet I borrow strength from thee  
My Calvary!

Trials bring no more dismay  
If I hold thee to my heart.  
Darkest shadows pass away,  
And all weary pains depart  
When I fix my gaze on thee  
My Calvary!

When life's chequered span is o'er,  
And the clouds of death shall roll.  
Bidding time to work no more  
For the saving of my soul.  
Shine from out the gloom for me  
My Calvary!

—Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

## LOVE AND HATE

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ST. MATT. xii, 25-30; ST. MARK, iii, 23-27; ST. LUKE xi, 17-26.

Christ and Satan are opposed from the beginning of the Bible to its end: from Genesis to the Apocalypse. Open the Gospels and even before the song of angels announces Our Saviour's birth, we hear the aged priest Zachary rejoicing and blessing God: "That being delivered from the hand of our enemies, we may serve him without fear" (St. Luke I, 74). Scarcely has Our Lord resolved to go abroad and preach His message of salvation, when Satan besets Him in the desert, and is shamefully put to flight. But that victory was not enough for Christ. Though we apply to Satan the words which the Book of Job has used of the monstrous Leviathan: "There is no power upon earth which can be compared with him" (Job XLI, 24), still we do so only to enhance the incomparable superiority of the Lord whom we love and adore as our God. Many a time has He shown how immeasurably, how divinely superior He is to all the powers of Hell. Sometimes indeed, it is the irresistible majesty of His divine command that fills us with awe, when those dread powers of Hell cower before His Will. But in the scene we are to look upon just now we are almost compelled to feel that His power is exerted for love of us. Though worn out by bodily fatigue, though deeply pained by cruel and ungrateful slander, still He labors on, buoyed up by that glimmer of hope: Oh some will understand Me and love Me in return! We will keep the story of St. Mark before us (III, 20-26).

### HIS LABOR OF LOVE.

*"And they come to a house; and the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread" (v. 20).*

Were you to ask the very natural question: *when* did all this happen? you would have to study a long while and read a great many volumes. And after all your time and work, you would see that the Bible is not precise on this point, that interpreters differ very widely, and you would probably come to the conclusion: Thank God, that the Bible alone is not my Rule of Faith! If it is so hard to get one's bearings in a simple story such as this, how perplexing must matters of sublime and complex doctrines prove! If we glance at the preceding verses in St. Mark, we find that this event we are considering just now, took place some time after Our Lord went out to the Mountain, where

He chose the Twelve Apostles (vv. 13-19). This probably occurred within the second year of His public ministry.

The *place* is pointed out more distinctly. Of course the English text printed above seems somewhat vague: "They come to a house". But if you would take the trouble to consult the Greek text, you would meet a phrase that is equivalent to our very familiar formula: "They came home". Now we know that they had come to Capharnaum, which is called his "own city"; and here His home was in the house of Peter. Even this little trait, already endears Our Lord to us. It was not the mansions of the Rich that He coveted for His board and lodging—no, the common fare and rude discomforts of a fisherman's home were enough for Him. And perhaps the charm of such condescension and humility was not without its effect upon the gathering crowds.

*Crowds* gather round this poor home? Of course—there is nothing new in this. St. Mark himself suggests that much: "And the multitude cometh together again". Yes: again. Already in his first chapter (v. 33) St. Mark tells us how Our Lord had cured St. Peter's mother-in-law and adds: "And all the city was gathered together at the door". He begins his second chapter by assuring us that as soon as it was noised abroad that Jesus had returned to St. Peter's house: "many came together, so that there was no room; no, not even at the door" (v. 2). Such hints should make a Catholic feel at home: our church may fairly be called the house of St. Peter and his Successors, the Popes of Rome, and here we too may feel sure of finding Our Lord.

*Why* should such crowds assemble? Just let your finger slip a few verses back in this same chapter and it will involuntarily halt at the paragraph lying between vv. 7 and 11. "And a great multitude followed Him, from Galilee and Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond the Jordan. And they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, hearing the things which He did, came to Him. And He spoke to His disciples that a small ship should wait on Him because of the multitude, lest they should throng Him; for He healed many, so that they pressed upon Him for to touch Him. And the unclean spirits when they saw Him fell down before Him; and they cried saying: "Thou art the Son of God". As His reputation grew and spread, new crowds came surging into the city to be cured and healed by Him. Alas, what was their disappointment on learning that the Wonder-worker had departed and none knew whither He had gone. But the crowds hoped and waited. And their hopes were not



misplaced. One day, the news spread like wild-fire: Jesus of Nazareth has returned! Again Our Lord goes forth to assist and relieve them.

How is He *occupied*? Just as we love to picture Him. Doing good to all that turn to Him for help. Miracles multiply around Him as rays of light blaze out from the sun—in every direction. But there is one class of miracles that was particularly numerous and splendid: expulsion of devils from men possessed. Just such miracles form the most striking characteristic of St. Mark's Gospel. In the few verses (7-11) quoted above, we can easily see that they constitute the climax of Our Lord's favors. And as we proved, we shall see that they form the basis for the envenomed calumny of the Pharisees. Blessed crowds! that thus gather round Our Saviour in strong faith and unhesitating hope. They receive their reward: for Christ's powers are inexhaustible, an unfailing source of every sort of blessing!

And see too: how intense and unselfish is His *devotion to His work*: "So that they (Our Lord and His Apostles) could not so much as eat bread." Sometimes we imagine that Our Lord set about His work leisurely and conveniently. Sometimes we lightly fancy that He had nothing to fear from hunger and weariness in His labor. However a happy disillusionment awaits us here. Indeed the "Word was made flesh" and assumed the needs and frailties to which our flesh and blood are heirs. He too was alive to the need of rest and refreshment. But His Love for man was so great as to welcome any exertion and any sacrifice of personal comfort. In fact His Love for man seems so absorbing, that He easily forgets Himself altogether and seems to think only of those whom He can relieve. And that same Devoted Heart still beats for us in the Tabernacle! And we can be so cold and listless about it!

#### HIS FRIENDS INTERFERE.

*"And when His friends had heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him; for they said: He is become mad" (v. 21).*

Now let us first explain *what they heard*. It appears to me that the words: "when they heard of it", refer to some very particular event, namely, to our present occurrence. Then His friends seem not to have been immediately present with Our Lord. They heard therefore about His protracted labors; about the crowds steadily besieging Him and not allowing Him a moment's respite (see v. 22). You may wonder: Well, why put that first? That looks so simple. True. But



the rest of the verse is so thickly sown with disputed questions as to resemble "No Man's Land" on a battle front. In such cases it is good to separate what seems certain from what is questionable. This process may afford us some solid ground to stand upon, while we pick out our next step.

Now let us try to examine the rest of the verse. Who are these friends? Why did they go out to lay hold on Him? Who said: "He is become mad?" What do these words mean? We will briefly sketch some of the explanations offered.

Some present the matter in this way. The friends alluded to here are *Our Lord's relatives*, because St. Mark seems to identify them with the persons approaching in vv. 31-35: "And His mother and brethren came . . . etc." And there is good reason for their coming. For they had heard of Our Lord's career of preaching and working miracles. They had also learned of the hostility which He had aroused on the part of the Pharisees; for St. Mark has carefully recorded in this same chapter (III, 6), that "the Pharisees going out immediately made a consultation with the Herodians against Him, how they might destroy Him". Now it is only natural that His relatives might begin to fear for themselves: they might be swallowed up in common hate and ruin, as His accomplices. Therefore they come to lay hold on Him, take Him home with them and put an end to His ministry. To show that they were by no means His accomplices they give public expression to their view of the whole matter by saying "he is mad!" And they meant it in good earnest. Turn over to the Gospel of St. John. There you will find the key to the riddle: "For neither did His brethren believe in Him" (VII, 5). Such disbelief might be intelligible if we remember that for thirty years they had been the witnesses of His humble life in Nazareth. Here He had been subject to His parents as any other good and pious boy. Here He had toiled day for day as a carpenter's Son. Here there was nothing unusual about Him—at least, as far as their eyes could reach. No wonder that they looked askance now. It is also argued that Our Lord in His closing words seems to forgive their infidelity: "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come" (see St. Matt. XII, 32). So Our Lord distinguishes between the pardonable incredulity of His

brethren and the unpardonable sin of the Pharisees. Besides these brethren were converted later on.

*What shall we say of this explanation?* Intrinsically it may look quite possible, even plausible—as a story. But is this really the story which St. Mark intends to narrate here? We may doubt that. First see how he speaks of the persons. In our narrative he calls them “friends”. In the following section (vv. 31-35), he speaks quite distinctly of “mother and brethren”. Such distinction seems intentional. Besides the persons introduced as “mother and brethren” are presented as new-comers, as fresh arrivals, while the “friends” were with him all along. Lastly what was the occasion that induces these persons to come? St. Mark says: they “had heard of it”. Now the things heard of seem to be the incidents just transpiring. News of this could reach Nazareth where His mother and brethren resided only in about seven hours. Then they would require another seven hours to make the journey to Capharanum—supposing that they set out instantly without debate or preparation. And such a length of time does not appear to harmonize with the incidents of our narrative. Let us test another explanation.

Others prefer this arrangement. The friends spoken of were *the Apostles*. First, because the Greek text does not use the words “friends”; but employs the phrase: “those around Him”. Usage gives this phrase the meaning: those of His party, those of His following. Thus it seems to indicate the Apostles. All the more since St. Mark uses almost identical terms when describing the call of the Apostles in the verses preceding our paragraph (vv. 13-19): “He called *unto* Him whom He would Himself; and they come to Him” (v. 13). Besides just the Apostles are the ones who best fit into our story. For in v. 20 they too had entered the house that was Our Lord’s home; and so they could easily “hear of” what was going on outside. Moreover they had good reason to come out and lay hold on Our Lord; first, they had not yet eaten bread either (notice the plural verb at the end of v. 20) and usually dined with Him; secondly, they could make no mistake about the evil intentions of the Pharisees and consequently were anxious to bring Our Lord within the house where He might be shielded against violence. Finally, they said: “He is mad”. Such words must grate upon our feelings. But just reflect upon the circumstances. The Pharisees had resolved to destroy Our Lord. They could easily sway the sentiments of a mob proverbially liable to out-

bursts of fanatical fury. The Apostles themselves were timid. Fear overpowered their minds and tongues and made them say anything at all—as long as it was calculated to appease or mollify the mob. Fear will one day make St. Peter deny Our Lord thrice. No wonder that fear made them utter an ill-advised word just now.

And now *what shall we say* of this view? Intrinsically—as a possible occurrence—it seems even more likely than the preceding explanation. But when we look closely to the story which St. Mark intends to convey, we may well have our doubts. The first seems quite correct, namely, that the “friends” are the Apostles; and they came out of the house to take Our Lord in. But that the Apostles said: “He is mad,” is open to serious doubt. First of all, is that the correct translation of the original Greek text? This we shall look into below. Secondly, does St. Mark really lay so much emphasis on that motive of fear, on which this opinion is founded? The fear of the Apostles is due to the calumnies of the Pharisees. But as yet St. Mark’s story has not even hinted at their presence. The only motive for their action—thus far assigned in the narrative—lies in the fact that Our Lord was so incessantly beset by the crowds that they had not time to eat bread. The jeers of the Pharisees, on the other hand, are mentioned only as a retort upon the words which the Apostles now uttered. Lastly, this opinion seems to overestimate the force of the words: “to lay hold on Him”. Let us try just one more explanation.

Others construe St. Mark’s narrative thus: The Apostles learn of Our Lord’s prolonged labors. They accordingly go out to Him to invite Him to take some refreshment. And in order to justify His momentary departure they say to the crowds around: “He is quite faint; or He is exhausted”. Surely the Greek text will permit of such an explanation. For in the Book of Kings we meet with a story in which just this same wording is employed in the Greek Septuagint Version. The prophet Eliseus passed by Sunam where a rich family resided. The lady of the house “detained him to eat bread”. Surely in this case the verb to “detain” included all the forms of respect and politeness. Then we may also apply the same meaning in our passage; and the term: “they went out to lay hold on Him” are softened down to the normal phrase: “and they went out to invite Him to take a little refreshment”. Then the next clause in St. Mark: “For they said: He is become mad,” must be interpreted to suit such conduct. It would be very ungentle in them to say: He is mad. So the English

and to be out. But out of what? Yes, there's the rub. Greek dictionaries give a long list of idiomatic turns and phrases: to be out of one's mind, to be out of money, to be out of the way. Interpreters exhibit a similar variety of meanings for this word. Is it not then perfectly legitimate to claim that shade of meaning which best suits the circumstances of our narrative, and say that the clause in our passage means: He is out of strength; He is worn out? This meaning suits His Apostles; it suits the explicit statements made in our narrative: about the crowds and about Our Lord's tireless labors so much so that there was not even time to eat bread; it suits the crowds whose illnesses translation is against us. If we look to the Greek, we meet the verb: and diseases He was healing, for they would and could sympathize with such a plea. To say: He is mad, might be applicable if He pretended to work miracles and failed in His boast. But even the Pharisees admit that He succeeded. To say: He is mad, would profit the Apostles little. Why cling to a madman? The Pharisees could have desired no better admission. And the crowds, healed of their sicknesses, would have been liable to resent such an insult to their Bene-"existemi". Since I cannot print this in Greek lettering, accept my factor. Finally this opinion seems to bring Our Lord into fairest and brightest light! To think that He devoted Himself to His work for souls to the point of forgetting food and rest, to the point of growing faint from exhaustion, must convince us that all we heard of the love of His Sacred Heart was but a half-truth; only a faint glimpse of the endless vistas of devotion still lying behind.

#### HIS ENEMIES TOO.

*"And the Scribes who were come down from Jerusalem, said: He hath Beelzebub; and by the prince of devils he casteth out devils" (v. 22).*

In the preceding section we have seen how Our Lord is glad to labor under any conditions of bodily sacrifice. Now we shall see how even this dear-bought pleasure is embittered for Him; how His soul too must smart under the dagger-stab of villainous calumny. Scan *these persons* a little more closely. They are the Representatives of the Learning of the land: Scribes, whose very title designates them as learned, even teachers of the learned. They are representatives of that Authority before which all the people bowed: the Supreme Tri-

bunal in Jerusalem. They have come upon a serious mission: they are not merely idlers, loiterers, curiosity-seekers.

What that mission was has been already pointed out in the quotation from St. Mark (III, 6): "The Pharisees . . . made a consultation with the Herodians against Him, how they might destroy Him." And this mission is unmistakably evinced by the nature of *their accusations*. There are two. 1) They claim that Our Lord Himself is possessed by a devil. For they say: "He hath Beelzebub". Now when St. Mark wishes to point out the man who had been possessed by the Legion of devils, he uses, in Greek, this identical phrase: "the one who had had the Legion" (v. 15). Further down in our same chapter, Our Lord Himself gives their accusation in His own words: "They said: He (meaning Himself) hath an unclean spirit." Now in St. Mark's usage: "a man with an unclean spirit" means a man possessed by a devil (I, 23). And to make their accusation all the more hideous, to represent Our Lord as most loathesome and abominable, they make bold to suggest just by what particular devil He was possessed: by Beelzebub. And to forestall any possible misunderstanding they add: the Prince of devils! Dreadful indeed was the lot of those poor unfortunates held in the thralldom of diabolic possession! But Our Lord? Possessed by the Over-lord of the Powers of Darkness! They could not have devised a more terrible charge! 2.) They travesty His miracles and try to blunt their proving force in favor of His divine mission by pretending that it was only in virtue of His League with the Prince of Hell that He could expel the inferior demons. The Holy One of Heaven they dare to stigmatize as the criminal tool of Hell and the Son of God Most High they brand as the slave and accomplice of Satan! Dreadful though it may sound, yet this seems to have constituted their stable argument. Misrepresentation could go no further!

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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The mole is a sad pest to the gardener, and the mole in God's garden is fear. It destroys countless lives. The sun-flower of perfection blooms only under the blue sky of joy and courage; beneath the sad cold light of cowardice and despondency, nothing thrives that is great or beautiful. He who cannot master fear must renounce perfection.

## WHEN DONALD CAME MARCHING HOME

Mr. John Clarey was at his supper—all of him that was not occupied with the Houston Steel Mills of which he was the manager. Opposite to him sat his wife, faithful Bess; beside him, Nellie, to the right, and Pat to the left—the one ten, the other eight. He did not notice the absence of Tom, “the big boy” as his mother called him, “the little man” as his father styled him. Tom was in all the glory of fifteen summers.

Mr. Clarey was talking about some trouble that was stirring at the mills. All at once, there was the sound of something heavy falling and rolling on the floor of one of the front rooms. Mr. Clarey looked up in surprise, noticing for the first time the absence of Tom from the supper table.

“Why,” he asked, “where is Tom?”

“Oh, I suppose he’s in his room tinkering with something or other,” replied the wife in an offhand way.

“He chased me out of his room this afternoon, Daddy,” spoke up little Nell; “he’s—.” The look she got from mother made her put her hand to her mouth and look as if she “had put her foot in it”.

“Tom doesn’t care for any supper tonight,” added Mrs. Clarey to her husband.

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Mr. Clarey, as he rose and started for Tom’s room.

“Why, let the boy be!” the wife called after him. “Sit down and eat your supper, John; I’ll call Tom.”

But Mr. Clarey paid no heed to her; he strode on to Tom’s room and pushed open the door. Mrs. Clarey was quickly by his side.

“Tom said I could have his cake, if I wouldn’t tell!” said little Pat, after father and mother had gone.

“No you can’t!” said Nellie, with a wise shake of her big curls; “it ain’t good for you. I’ll take half of it, see!”

While Nell was deciding what was good for little Pat, Mr. Clarey was deciding what was good for Tom. For, as he pushed open the door of the boy’s room, a sight met his eyes that fairly astounded him.

“Hello!” he cried, at last finding his voice; “What’s this, my little man?”

“Oh, you can see, Dad!” answered Tom, with a look such as would have graced Nathan Hale himself when he was caught as a spy.

"I certainly can!" answered the Father. "But I want to know what this means. Why are you packing this trunk?"

"You know!" said Tom despairingly, as he closed the lid of the trunk and sat down upon it with his back half turned to his father.

"You don't want to elope with someone, do you?" asked the father, who by this time knew very well what the boy intended. For, it was two years now, that he had been repulsing Tom's request to be allowed to study for the priesthood, with the one, unexplained reason: "Wait till you are old enough to judge for yourself."

"It seems to me," the boy replied, "That you wouldn't have near so much objection to my eloping, as you would to my studying for the priesthood."

The father winced a trifle under this rejoinder that seemed to throw more light on his own ways of thinking than he acknowledged to himself. But he was inflexible.

"Put that idea out of your head, boy, until you are twenty. You don't know what you are choosing. Do you hear? Now, come to supper."

There was so much finality and sternness in his last reply, that Mrs. Clarey took alarm, and seizing her husband by the arm, gently but firmly drew him from the room. Slipping her arm through his, she walked back to the dining room with him.

"John, don't torment the boy that way!" she remonstrated. "If he wants to go, let him go. Look, there's our Michael—he got married to Rose Kenning in Tarleton, and he's living miles away so that we do not see him even once a year! And you never said a word about it, except: 'Well, if his happiness depends on it, let him go!' There's Donald—poor boy! When he wanted to go to the war, you even encouraged him: 'It's for the country', you said. And now, you want to stand in the way of Tom! His heart is set on going. It isn't fair!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Clarey firmly, "but the boy doesn't realize what he's choosing. Marriage is the ordinary choice, and we all know just what to expect in it. But this boy can't imagine what sacrifices and difficulties a priest's life brings with it. A mistaken and hasty choice here means so much more."

"Does it, John, really?" she put back. "Don't you know many unhappy people? And anyway, don't you think that his confessor spoke to him about that?"

"That may well be," was the inflexible reply; "you could talk to



that boy all day about it; but, he can't grasp what it means. He's too young to understand."

"I don't know what to say," rejoined the mother; "but, if God is calling one, I don't see what difference it makes if we fully understand the difficulties or not. There's such a thing as wholehearted trust in God. If He wants the boy to make the decision now, He'll give him the help and grace to bear the burdens later on as they come."

"That's all very well; I'm not talking spirituality now—I'm talking business."

"There's just the trouble, John; you are forgetting that there is another side to life, a spiritual side. Anyway, don't you make ventures in business, when you don't foresee all the possibilities of a certain deal, just because you trust your own ability will help you to recover even in case of failure?"

"Mother," said John finally, as they merged from the dark into the light of the dining-room, "he doesn't know his own mind; let him wait!"

"Yes, wait—wait—," she replied, "till he is so old that study will be difficult for him—till he is so old that it will be hard for him to bend to religious discipline—till he has met temptation and lost the grace of his vocation!" She grew eloquent as she pleaded for her boy's happiness.

"Lost what?" asked the thorough business man, puzzled. He knew it wasn't money or caste or influence or pleasure. And he quite forgot that there are higher things. Not that he did not go to church on a Sunday or to the Sacraments at times. But he was so blessed with a faithful wife, good children and success in business, that, in his contentment he forgot that it was only through the Faith taught and preserved by the ministrations of priests that his wife was so thoroughly faithful and his children so good, and that it was only through God's blessing that he was so successful in life. And such happiness as he enjoyed he did not want his son to miss. Beyond that he could not imagine any happiness.

"Get Tom to eat his supper!" he added after a pause, as if finishing the subject.

"John," ventured his wife once more as she turned toward the boy's room, "you'll drive that boy to a career for which he has no liking and no calling, and he may end like so many another, a disgrace to you, a shame to himself."



Meanwhile Tom sat on his trunk and thought. "I'm going," he said to himself, "and I'm going before I'm twenty!" Then he caught sight of the baseball bat lying on the floor. He gave it a vicious kick that sent it rolling under the bed. "You blamed thing! You gave me away! Why did I want to take you along!"

"Tom!" said his mother, who had overheard this last volley just as she came to call him for supper; "it is best that you did not try to sneak away to College anyway. Our Lady will help, you'll see. Speak to Father Bannister tomorrow."

"Gee, mother, I do like to talk to him; the more I see him, the more I want to go!"

"Come to supper, boy; your father is waiting."

It was only a few days after this incident that a message came to the Clarey home—a message which they had long awaited and expected. Their boy Donald, who had been seriously wounded in one of the last encounters of the war, was on his way home, and it would be only a day or two now that he would arrive. Then one afternoon the telephone called for Mr. Clarey at his office in the steel mills.

"Mr. Clarey!" he shouted gruffly, taking up the telephone.

"This is Bess!" he heard across the wire, in an excited voice. "Donald has just come in. Be here as soon as you can!"

"By Jove!" shouted Mr. Clarey to the office force. "My boy Donald is back from the front! Goodbye!" And before they could even congratulate him, he was already outside and making for his car.

That evening Donald was kept talking all the time. Everyone questioned him except Nellie and Pat, who climbed round him, examining every button and stripe and shiny buckle on his uniform. Pat put on his soldier-cap and marched up and down the room to the delight of all. Donald clapped gaily; but then he said very soberly:

"Sonny, I hope you'll never have to go into such a hell as that cap went with me!"

"Tell us," said his mother, "about your being wounded, Donald! We got the news of it by telegram, and it almost broke my heart. We thought you would never come home to us again."

"And I wouldn't have, mother, if it hadn't been for one man!"

"Who was that?" put in Mr. Clarey curiously.

"See, it was this way, Dad. We were in the trenches—and a bluer outfit than ours you couldn't find. The waiting had simply taken the pep out of us. Then the companies would go over the top, and come

back—just half of them or one-third of them; of the others, some would be left on the field, dead or dying; and some would be carried back, gassed or shocked, or cut to pieces with shell and shrapnel. It took the heart out of us.

"Then comes this man: in khaki like the rest of us—carrying his kit like the rest of us—sleeping on the ground and in the mud like any of us; but he was something more than any of us. Nothing could terrify him. He was always smiling. He was a priest."

"All that I had ever learnt from the priest at school came back to me; I always felt as though mother was nearer to me, and it braced me up wonderfully. I went to confession; I began to say my prayers regularly—all of us did. From that time on things looked different. I don't know what we would have done without him."

"But how were you wounded?" put in Mr. Clarey somewhat impatiently.

"I'm getting to that, Dad. But I had to tell about him first, because it was he that made me win this D. S. O. medal. After he fixed me up and talked to me, I could do anything. I felt I could. So when the Captain called for volunteers one night, I stepped up. I could see Father Kavanagh clap his hands to me and it just made me feel like a lion. So they made me leader of a little company to wipe out a machine-gun nest. We were to start in five minutes. Everyone of us turned to Father Kavanagh.

"'Boys,' he said, 'I'll be with you!'

"'Father,' said the Captain, turning round at these words, 'that's no place for you. They're going into hell!' he added with a grim smile.

"'If that place is good enough for these boys, it's good enough for me,' answered the priest.

"'But we need you here,' the Captain tried to say.

"'And so do they—perhaps more than anybody else,' said Father Kavanagh.

"'I don't know,' answered the Captain shaking his head, 'what makes you so anxious to die, chaplain; but, go if you like.'

"'I'm not exactly anxious to die, Captain; but I mean to be of help to these lads.' That finished the matter.

"Say, we just cheered in a whisper; you couldn't shout there at the front, you couldn't even talk just ordinarily sometimes. So Father

We started. It was night—and pitch dark at that—chilly and wet Kavanagh went with us.

after an autumn rain. The steel on the gun felt like ice in my hands. We ran on a little ways, after we had climbed over our trench, when suddenly a flash of light shot across the field, throwing our whole front line on the screen, as it were. Good heavens! that next moment!—I'll never forget it. All around me in the dark I heard staggering steps and thuds of wounded and dying falling in the rain of fire. And some called for 'mother' in such a way as to make our men stop and think of turning back.

"'Forward!' called someone. It wasn't I! I couldn't have called it just then, because I was unnerved. It was Father Kavanagh—and that saved the day. That call woke me up. I dropped to my knees and crept. All the men that were left followed my lead. Every now and then that light fell across the field, like the eye of death—but onward we crept, all who could go.

"Then came the machine-gun nest. We waited for a moment to let the men come up—then we let go our grenades and gun in hand sprang into the nest. That one cleaned out, we crept to the next one. Just as we were finishing, I could see, in the light of some burning brushwood, a wounded man rise on one arm. Was he friend or foe—I couldn't tell. But the next moment I knew. He fired on me, laming my right arm. Again he fired—this time he struck me in the body. As I collapsed, I could see him rise again; but just then a strong hand grasped my right hand and pressed my finger on the trigger. A moment after, in the glare of a rocket, I saw Father Kavanagh's face looking down into mine, as I lay with my head pillowed on his arm.

"'You're all right, Donald,' he whispered. 'I've just fixed up your wounds as well as I could. It's pretty bad, boy, but don't give up! You've a good chance. But I must look after the others now—so let's get ready—if it be God's will I'll give you absolution again and then I'll anoint you; for God knows, I may not come back to you again. Here's your crucifix and medal,' he went on, as he took the identification booklet from my breast, and opening it, pressed the crucifix to my lips." As he told this Donald took the little booklet from his pocket and handed it to his father.

"Why, it's the one mother gave you when you started off!" said he.

"Is that a blood-spot on it, Donald?" asked the mother tenderly, as she, too, fingered it with the reverence she would have shown a relic.

"I suppose so," replied the soldier; "it was so near the spot where the bullet struck me." He saw his mother press it to her lips.

"But how did you get back?" asked the father.

"Well, how long I lay there on the wet ground, I don't know; I must have swooned away. Anyway, when I awoke again someone was carrying me in his arms across the field; it was too dark to make out who it was.

"'Hold on, Donald,' I heard him say in a very tired and hoarse whisper, 'hold on if you can; they got my left arm; I can't use it for much.'

Just then that light broke again across the field, and shell and shrapnel followed. The man dropped with me to the ground, and whispered a prayer—I'll never forget it: 'Jesus, Mary, help! Now it is time!' Then he fastened my belt to his, put my arms around his neck, and said jokingly:

"'You'll have to ride the wheel-barrow, old boy! Can you hold on?'

"'I'll try,' I said. With that he started to creep ahead with me—falling into holes and puddles of water and creeping out again. At last we landed in one of our dugouts."

"Who was it?" asked Tom excitedly—taking the question fairly out of the mouths of both father and mother.

"It was Father Kavanagh who had carried me! He kept me straight in the trenches—he made me realize that there was something higher to live for—and if it weren't for him, I wouldn't have this D. S. O., or you could hang it on my coffin-lid—if I had had such a thing."

"And what happened to him when the armistice came?" put in Tom again, who seemed to be wholly interested in the priest's career.

"Why," said Donald turning to Tom, "he left us laughing like always, and said he wanted to get back to his convent again. He was a Redemptorist—like we have them here in the city!"

Tom shook his head and seemed to make a fist as he got up and started to leave the room. He seemed deeply moved by something.

"What's the matter, kid," said his soldier-brother affectionately, as he caught the boy by his blouse and pulled him toward himself; "don't you like war stories?"

"It ain't that," said Tom, "but—" and he looked at his father as if not wishing to continue on his account.

"Well, sonny, but what?" asked Mr. Clarey, with his usual manner of probing things to the bottom. Yet he was not looking at Tom as he spoke; his eyes were on Donald.

"I want to be a priest like that, and Dad won't let me!" said Tom, resting on Donald, as if he were sure Donald were with him.

Mrs. Clarey leaned toward her husband and put her arm around his shoulder.

"John," she said, "suppose you had been in Donald's place! God gave us our Donald clean and brave and whole, through a priest; can't we give Him our Tom?"

"What, Bess," Mr. Clarey replied in mock-indignation, "are you in league with the boy, too? Well, it seems as though I am boss here, but you always have your way, mother!"

Tom jumped at the words; he knew his father had surrendered; and running across the room, planted himself on the arm of his father's chair.

"Not my way," said Mrs. Clarey; "I tried to sneak Tom off to college when I told him to pack his trunk; but that failed. This is God's way."

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

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### A BEFITTING WELCOME.

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There is no prayer more agreeable to God, or more profitable to the soul, than that which is made during the thanksgiving after Communion. It is the opinion of many writers of note like Suarez, Cajetan, Valentia, De Lugo and others, that as long as the sacramental species lasts, Holy Communion constantly produces more abundant graces in the soul, provided the soul is intent upon disposing itself by new acts of virtue. The Council of Florence teaches that the Blessed Sacrament produces an effect in the soul similar to that of material food in the body. When food enters the body, it produces an effect in accordance with the condition in which it finds it.

For this reason, those in earnest about their sanctification endeavor to remain as long as possible in prayer after Communion. A great servant of God was accustomed to say, that we should set great value on the time after Communion, imagining that we hear from the lips of the Saviour Himself the words that he addressed to His disciples: "But me you have not always with you" (Matt. xxvi, 11).

Now for a few suggestions. It is not advisable to begin to read immediately after Communion. It is better to spend at least a short time in conversing intimately with Jesus, who is then within us, even

repeating over and over again words of welcome, adoration, and love, or some affectionate prayer. Jesus Himself, when agonizing in the garden, repeated the same prayer three times: "And He prayed the third time, saying the self-same word" (Matt. xxvi, 44). Thus should the soul entertain herself with Jesus after Holy Communion; for we must remember that the acts of devotion after Communion are far more precious and meritorious in the sight of God than when made at any other time; for as the soul is then united in the most intimate manner with Jesus, the value of her acts is increased by His presence. We know, moreover, that after Communion Jesus is more disposed to grant us graces than at any other time.

After Communion, says St. Theresa, Jesus places Himself in the soul as on a throne of grace, and says: "What willest thou that I should do for thee?" (Mark x, 51). "O soul, I am come for the express purpose of granting thee graces: ask me what thou dost desire, and as much as thou desirest, thou shalt receive all."

Oh, what treasures of grace would you receive, Christian soul, if you only entertained yourself with Jesus for half an hour after Communion! How would He not bless and reward you for those moments spent in His company! And then, when your prayer is ended, do not forget the Divine Guest who has taken up His abode in your heart. Try during the day on which you have communicated to live in His presence, and repeat from time to time the words of love, gratitude, and petition with which you welcomed Him in the morning.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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"Between us," said Mr. Dooley, "politics don't intherest me no more. They ain't no liveliness in thim. Whin Andy Duggan r-run f'r Alderman against Schwartzmeister—I was precinct captain thim, Jawn—there was an illicion f'r ye! Well, sir, we opened the polls at six o'clock, and there was tin Schwartzmeister min there to protect his intherests. At sivin o'clock there was only three, an' wan iv thim was goin' up the sthreet with Hinnisey kickin' at him. At eight o'clock, bedad, there was only wan, an' he was sittin' on the roof iv Gavin's blacksmith shop, and the la'ads was thryin' to borrow a laddher fr'm the injine house f'r to get at him. . . . We cast twinty-wan hundred votes f'r Dugan, an' they was only five hundred votes in the precinct. We'd cast more, but the tickets give out."

## THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KARL

### CHAPTER XXVI. THE REGATTA.

Saturday, the first of June, 18—, was as fair a day as one could well conceive. A steady, cool breeze from the south drove flocks of snow-white clouds across a sky as blue as Italy ever boasted. Pulaski woke early, for was it not her great day? She had been preparing for months to entertain the enormous crowds, which were now pouring from hotels and boarding houses.

Seven rowing-clubs had entered their men, some of them of national reputation. Vicksburg, New Orleans, Atlanta, Savannah, two champions from Mobile, and Karl Schneiderhahn representing the Turners' Club of Pulaski—these were the contestants; but interest seemed to center on Robert Owens of the Mobile Rowing Club and Karl. Owens had already won three championships, but Pulaski knew she had a man to beat anything in the South. For weeks large, life-size portraits of the two athletes had been exhibited in the shop-windows, accompanied by such legends as these: "Put your money on Karl the redoubtable;" "Why is Owens like a hard-boiled egg? Hard to beat. See?" "Come early and get a good place and watch our champion take the bones." Thousands of smaller portraits had been circulated, and he was a poor, cold-blooded fish that didn't wear a picture-button of his favorite. The town was literally drowned in flags and bunting.

The pistol shot to start the race was scheduled for 10:00 A. M. The course was two miles, one mile south, a turn around the judges' launch anchored in mid-stream, then back to the starting place. Karl had this advantage that he had rowed the course a hundred times and had at least a bowing acquaintance with every breeze, every wave, every light and every shadow. By seven o'clock the crowds went surging towards the river. Hundreds of picnic parties with generous lunches and provided with every imaginable kind of a noise-maker were scattered along both banks of the river. The surface of the river itself was alive with every variety of boat, loaded to the gunwale with men and women, boys and girls, cheering, whistling, calling to one another and rooting for their champion. Police boats were flying here and there clearing the course. The constant chug-chug of steam launches, the whistling of tugs and boats of every variety, the tooting of horns, the flags and bunting, the dresses and scarfs of the ladies, the abbre-



viated athletic rowing-suits of the different club members, the large sprinkling of darkies in various capacities, with their variegated costumes—together made up a scene that beggars description. Pulaski was out in her Sunday-best and that best was something of which to boast.

The whole scene was a thousand times more animated than an Irish fair minus the shillalah. But where were Marguerite, and Grace, and Willie, and all the Maloneys? Had they no part in the animated scene? Was Marguerite to hide herself at home and let Karl win the championship and be proclaimed by the multitude and have no part in it? Oh no, the Maloneys were in the very thick of it all, had a box seat, and were all on hand when the curtain rose.

Three years before this date a man by the name of Edgar Smythe with a crew of four men came floating down the Chatahoochee from no one knew where, on the strangest looking craft which had ever been seen upon the bosom of the river. Two hundred-foot gunwales of cypress, bolted together with heavy pine timbers, formed the foundation; scantlings fifteen feet high, weather-boarded with light unplanned poplar boards, of which also the curving roof was constructed, formed the superstructure. Two small rooms were partitioned off at the end for kitchen and sleeping quarters, and at either end a large forty-foot sweep or oar. This flat-boat, as it was called, was full to the brim of Illinois corn. Mr. Smythe tied up to the wharf at Pulaski, and in one week his cargo of corn was sold at enormous profit.

Happening into Mr. Maloney's store Smythe remarked that he didn't know what to do with his boat. "I'll give you \$50 for it," exclaimed Mr. Maloney. "Done," said Smythe. Mr. Maloney put it in the hands of a contractor. At first people laughed and dubbed it "Maloney's Elephant". Then, as the work of transformation went on, it was called "Maloney's Ark"; but finally, when it rose a thing of beauty, painted with white enamel-paint, shining like the Tai Mahal in the morning sunlight, and a beautiful ballustrade all round the lower and upper deck; and fitted out with fine wicker chairs and benches; and especially when the ladies had enriched it with lovely summer furniture, with rugs and mattings and dainty curtains; and when a gasoline engine with propeller had been installed, capable of driving it 8 miles an hour, wherever they might want to go, it was christened "Maloney's Palace", and "Maloney's Palace" it has remained. It cost Mr. Maloney a thousand dollars, but he smilingly said that he had never made an invest-



ment that brought better returns for his family. And he was right, for many were the happy weeks spent on the water. All the members of the family had become expert water-rats. Willie and Patrick had become splendid swimmers and oarsmen and fishermen with the patience of Job. Delightful parties were organized and it was considered a rare privilege to be invited to spend an evening on "Maloney's Palace".

Here, then, on this beautiful June morning of the Regatta, just outside the course, near the southern turn, came to anchor the "Stella Maris", for that was the name it received when Father Horrell blessed it, and on the lower and upper deck a select assembly of the friends of the Maloney family, eager, with flags, horns and megaphones to cheer their favorite Karl onward to the goal. Uncle Stanhope had come in the night before, with his usual impediments, and he, with Miss Queen in a smart tailored suit, sat apart on one of the wicker benches discussing—well, I suppose, discussing their own affairs. Grace looked charming in a soft white flowered gown very becoming, and with Marguerite a little nervous, was talking over the chances of the race.

Just then Uncle Stanhope came over to Grace with a field-glass in hand.

"Miss Queen and I have just been trying to make out those two gentlemen in the white duck suits on the judges' boat," he said. "Can you make them out?" Grace took the glass.

"Certainly," she replied, "the Gogarty boys." And sure enough, there were Joe and John Gogarty looking as spruce as if they had just jumped out of a band-box and their K. C. button in full evidence and sporting just below it a large rosette of Karl's colors—purple and orange. Uncle Stanhope muttered something between his teeth and turned away. Then there came a roar of cheers from the starting point. "It's ten," said Uncle Stanhope, glancing at his watch, "they're about to start." Every eye was turned that way. "Yes," said Marguerite, "I can see the shells lining up." Then a puff of white smoke, a long cheer sweeping down both banks like a tidal wave, and the distant report of a pistol. "They're off," said Grace, "and Karl and another man are taking the lead."

"That's Owens," said Patrick, with his eyes glued to a pair of glasses, "and Karl is already a half boat's length ahead."

"That's right, that's right," exclaimed Uncle Stanhope, "but Karl's a boat-length ahead and gaining at every stroke. Splendid, splendid!"

Marguerite clasped her hands. At that moment a skiff rowed by

two stalwart negroes came up, and who disembarked with much difficulty, much grunting, and lifting, and helping, but old Mr. Sears and his wife Miranda.

"I jest be durn," said the old man, "ef I wuz goin' to let you young folks hev all the fun. So I sez to Marandy, 'Ole gal, fix yerself up in yer Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and come on'. An' hyar we air!"

"You're welcome," cried Mr. Maloney. "Just in time. Sit right here and see our Karl win the race. They'll be here in a minute."

"You jest bet yore bottom dollar," said Mr. Sears. "I got two plugs o' tobacco bet on Karl. Well, I be durn, Marandy, look at that crowd."

Karl by this time was fully three lengths ahead of Owens and sweeping on with a long steady stroke beautiful to see: The air was rent with cheers and cries, "Go it Karl!" "You got it!" "Keep it up!" "Hurrah for Pulaski!" "Good-bye Mobile!" and a thousand others.

On the judges' boat two white suited gents were standing close together.

"The Dutchman's winning out," said John Gogarty. "Look, he's already three lengths ahead and Owens's getting groggy. Do you see?"

"Yes," muttered Joe, "I see but too well!"

"I thought you had fixed that shell," said John.

"I did," replied Joe.

"You made a bum job of it, as you generally do," said John bitterly.

"I extracted the screws," returned Joe, "just wait. It'll work loose soon. It's a miracle that it held this long."

They were now nearing the judges' boat and Karl had swerved somewhat to the left in order to make a long turn and keep up his speed. This was a manœuvre that he had practised many times and with success. Now, he is just opposite the *Stella Maris* and his shell is nosing to the south-east. Shouts of encouragement are on every lip. He bends to his oars. His shell leaps over the water like a thing of life. As he leans forward for the next stroke he sees the crowd on the decks of the "*Stella Maris*". He singles out his mother and Grace, and gives them a smile of recognition. He bends to his oars again. Suddenly there is a sharp snap. The right outrigger with her right oar flies up and like a lightning-flash Karl is headed for the bottom and his shell bottom up is floating down the Chattahoochee. Then followed a chorus of cries and shrieks. Marguerite promptly fainted.

"Well, I be durn; did ye ever!" exclaimed Mr. Sears.

"Tut, tut, too bad," said Mr. Maloney.

"O ——!" exclaimed Uncle Stanhope. Grace stood paralyzed and speechless.

"Willie," shrieked Anne, "row over there and pick up Karl!" But there was someone before him.

When the snap occurred: "Aha!" said Joe Gogarty, "didn't I tell you?" and he clasped his brother's arm convulsively. With that he darted for a skiff moored to the side of the judges' launch, on which they were.

"Come back, you fool!" said John, "are you crazy?"

Disregarding his brother, Joe leaped into the skiff, and casting off, a few strokes brought him to where Karl was swimming.

"Here, Karl," said Gogarty, "give me your hand."

"You, Gogarty!" said Karl. "That infernal outrigger snapped off. I had a good start!"

"Yes," replied Gogarty, "they're very unreliable. Go back on you when you least expect. Here, climb in."

In an instant Karl was in and sat on the stern seat, wet and dripping, disgust and humiliation written on every lineament.

"Make for the 'Stella Maris'," he said to Gogarty, "and I'll go into the engine room and get into some dry clothes."

Just then there was another roar of cheers and shouts. Owens had made the turn and was starting north, and following about three lengths behind him came Sam Dodson of Atlanta. Owens made two strokes, then suddenly his head fell forward, the oars dropped, and he slid in a huddle to the bottom of his boat. Intense excitement prevailed and it was with the greatest difficulty the police boats could keep the track clear. Sam Dodson shot ahead and came in six lengths ahead of all competitors. 'Twas said afterwards that Owens had taken one drink too many.

In the meantime Karl had reached the "Stella Maris", and in the engine-room was slipping on some dry toggery of which there was always a plentiful supply. Suddenly Uncle Stanhope rushed in, all excitement.

"Too bad, too bad, my boy, you had the race. What happened?"

"That miserable outrigger snapped off," replied Karl gloomily. "I've been using that boat for months, and I never dreamt anything like that could happen."

"Well, don't worry," said Uncle Stanhope, "we'll see to it next year that your boat's all right."

At that moment Willie and June who, too late to pick up Karl, thought the next best thing would be to rescue the shell and oars, came alongside, and the shell was lifted aboard the "Stella Maris".

"Let's see," exclaimed Uncle Stanhope, "where it snapped."

He leaned over to examine it, then suddenly straightened up, red in the face, and in a voice that sounded like the roar of the "Bull of Bashan" he yelled: "Foul play! Some miscreant took out the screws! Look there!"

"Foul play!" echoed Gogarty.

"If we find the rascal," yelled Uncle Stanhope, "we'll hang him to the first lamp-post."

"Hang him!" yelled Gogarty. The word passed from lip to lip, from boat to boat, and there were shouts and yells of indignation.

The judges' boat in the meantime had heaved anchor, and now came over to the "Stella Maris" to get Karl and the shell before meeting the other judges, and officially deciding the race. As Karl jumped on, John Gogarty jumped off, and like his brother Joe, was ready to "lynch the miscreant". The judges' boat with Karl steamed off to the starting point where they met with a noisy and angry reception from the turners. As they started away under full steam the last thing Karl saw was the Gogartys, hat in hand, shaking hands with the ladies.

"O, Mr. Gogarty," exclaimed Marguerite, "I can never thank you enough for rescuing my Karl from a watery grave!"

Gogarty smiled as he took her proffered hand.

"Don't mention it," he said.

Uncle Stanhope, who was chatting with Patrick and Anne, scowled and muttered between his teeth: "You couldn't drown him if you'd try." Grace smiled quite beautifully to Gogarty.

"'Twas noble of you, Mr. Gogarty, to rescue Karl as you did. We all thought he'd surely win," she said.

"Yes," replied Gogarty, "I'm the most disappointed man in the Club. You see I'm wearing Karl's colors. Grace smiled.

Sam Dodson of Atlanta was officially declared the winner in spite of the angry protests of the Turners and was given the \$500 gold-chased loving cup. The Atlantans lifted him onto their shoulders and with yells and shouts and songs carried him all over town in triumph. That night there were many elegant social functions, but none more splendid than the grand ball at the Turners Club. Karl was to be Master of Ceremonies and hurried home to dress. At 8 o'clock in his immac-

ulate evening suit he wended his way to the Club. Streams of light were issuing forth from the windows and already the crash of the orchestra could be heard when Karl arrived. He could see the forms of elegantly clad men and beautiful women in evening dress, moving to and fro. He paused before a clump of shrubbery which concealed a small balcony. All was open and the light streamed upon it. What was his surprise, on lifting his eyes, to see Grace Maloney in some soft white shimmering gown, a pearl necklace around her beautiful throat, and before her in earnest conversation Joe Gogarty. Karl's cup of woe was full to the brim. He turned on his heel and went home.

(To be continued.)

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

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### WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES

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"This is a hard family to deal with!" pouted the piano. "Miss Tessie pounds me every day for an hour or two!"

"Well, at least you don't have to work!" exclaimed the clock. "My hands are never idle. They keep them moving every minute and second!"

"Talk about work!" cried the table; "why almost everything is put on me!"

"I wouldn't mind work," observed the lamp; "but I'm quite sensitive, and it isn't pleasant when you're quite bright to be turned down once or twice every evening!"

"Sensitive!" sneered the mirror; "think of the ugly faces often made at me!"

"And think also," said the carpet, "how the children jump on me! Still I'm not worn out yet!"

"You may talk till you're tired, yet you must admit that no one of you is so sat upon as I am," finished the chair decisively.

And what's your trouble?

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Do something every day, for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of need comes, it may not find you unnerved and untrained to stand the test.—*Prof. William James.*

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Perfection: "Ever since I was 3 years old I have never refused God anything that he wanted of me."—*The Little Flower.*

	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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**THE VOICE OF COMMON SENSE.**

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The celebrated Athanasius Kircher had a friend who was a materialist, an unbeliever. This friend entered the astronomer's studio one day, and saw a beautiful globe of the earth standing on a table. After admiring its scientific construction for some time, he asked Kircher where he had secured that fine globe and who made it.

"Why," replied the astronomer, "that globe which you see there, came into existence of and by itself. It was not made by anyone. Of its own intrinsic power and independently of any exterior cause, it began to be."

"Do you take me for a fool?" said the materialist. "How could that be? Surely, everything that is must have a sufficient cause for its existence!"

"Now look here, my friend," retorted Kircher. "You deem it impossible for that little globe to begin to exist of and by itself, just to evolve itself, and yet you maintain that its original—the earth we inhabit—came into existence of and by itself! That it has no Maker! that it simply evolved itself by chance! Isn't this far greater folly?"

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**THE ROAR OF THE SWOLLEN HEAD**

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During the times when the fad created by Voltaire made atheism popular in France, a lady of the nobility, one day, gave a banquet to some of her acquaintances. It happened that a conceited young man was present, who was infected with the mental poison of the day, and who thought it a glory to be an atheist.

Attempting to be witty, he remarked to the noble lady:

"Madam, I think I am the only one present who has the honor not to believe in God."

The lady smiled and answered:

"Sir, you are mistaken; you share that honor with my dog."

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"What is called melancholy, is at bottom only a desire to have one's own way."—*St. Teresa.*

### OWNING THE LANDSCAPE

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One Sunday, writes a true poet, I went with Titbottom a few miles into the country. It was a soft, bright day; the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, bared to the touch of the sun.

The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon farther away.

As we strolled picking wild-flowers, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly said:

"Thank God, I own this landscape."

"You!" returned I.

"Certainly!" said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property!"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and the sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the woods, or those golden hills that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and the fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise, how could I own castles in Spain?"

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### THE SACK OF WORRIES

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A wayfaring man carried a sack under which he groaned and complained unceasingly. From no one could he take help or comfort. And he slowly journeyed on, toiling under his burden, an angel of cheer came to him and spoke kindly to him saying:

"Brother, what carriest thou?"

"My worries," answered the man surlily.

The angel smiled pityingly upon him and said:

"Let me look into the bundle and examine thy worries?" And so they looked in. But lo! the sack was empty.

"Why," cried the man, "just now there were two great worries there, too great for man to bear. But, ah, yes—I had forgot—one was a worry of yesterday, and so it is gone."

"And the other?" queried the angel.

"Well, that—that was a worry of tomorrow—and it is not here."

Then the angel smiled upon the man with infinite pity, saying:



"Hearken. He who bows himself under the worries of yesterday and tomorrow wears himself out for nought. But he who carries only the worries of today hath no need of a sack for his worries. If thou wilt cast this thing aside and give all thy strength and cheer and courage to the things of today, trusting in God's sweet Providence, then real misfortune can never overcome thee."

Whereupon the man did as the angel of cheer commanded. And as he took up his journey and went light, swiftly on, his hands were free to relieve many other wayfarers of their burdens, and to pluck for himself the sweet fruits and flowers by the wayside. And when he came at last to the setting of the sun, it was with smiles and a song.

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### WALKING WITH HIM

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St. Francis de Sales we are told, was one day instructing some children about Paradise and the happiness of our first parents there: how they had all they could wish for, no suffering, no pain, no sickness, no death. And one of their sweetest joys, continued the Saint, was this, as we are told in Holy Writ, that God walked with them in the gloaming and conversed with them, so that they could speak to Him as to a kind and loving father.

"Oh!" cried one of the children, wrapt in attention, "how sad that it is not so any more! How gladly would I walk with God and speak to Him!"

The Saint smiled at this exclamation so full of love and tenderness for God, and said:

"Never mind, my child! We have lost paradise, it is true, by sin, but we have not lost God. Everywhere he is near us and present to us. And whenever we wish to do so, at any hour of day or night, we can speak to him. This is done by prayer."

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### STANDING GUARD

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During the sojourn of a regiment stationed at Orleans in France, the Cure of the Cathedral noticed with surprise a soldier, who came day after day to the church. From one o'clock to three, he would remain standing, immovable as a marble column, before the altar where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The priest was both puzzled and curious, but he did not like to interfere.

One day, however, the Captain of the regiment, entering the church, received from the soldier a military salute.

"What are you doing here, my good man?" he asked the soldier, whom he knew to be a particularly faithful and brave warrior.

"Why, Captain, I am on guard before the King! I keep sentry for two hours. You see, I could not stand it; it made my blood boil! There are sentries for everybody: the President of the Republic has four; the General two; the Colonel one. Surely the good God is more than they—and not one sentinel for him! And so when I'm off duty, I come to mount guard before Him. And never was post more agreeable."

It is a beautiful idea for our visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament.

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### THE MASTER TOOL

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Once upon a time, so the story goes, the devil was going to auction off his tools. So he sent out invitations and had the tools displayed in a big hall. Many people came to see them. They were hung about on the walls, each one marked plainly with its price. There were Jealousy, Hatred, Lust, Envy, Malice, Revenge and many others of the same choice variety.

The people remarked about the high prices asked for them. The devil told them that they were all necessary to his success.

Finally someone noticed a little battered, bent, old tool hanging in a corner. They wondered what it was, why it should be there, and what was its price. They looked and saw that its name was Discouragement. Its price was more than all the rest put together. All were surprised and asked why it should be so high.

"Of course that tool is high," said the devil; "it is the best one I have. Very often I fail with the others; then I pry that one into the mind of the person I am working on. If I can get it in, just a very little, it opens the door and the others rapidly follow. That tool high? Oh, no! It's worth the price asked. If I couldn't have but one, I'd take that one every time."

Here the devil laughed.

"The funny thing about it is," he went on, "that no one ever thinks that that tool belongs to me!"—*T. L. Magazine.*

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A pearl is often hidden in an ugly shell.—*Chinese Proverb.*

	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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**"SINGING ITS WAY INTO OUR HEARTS"**

"Let me make a nation's songs and I care not who wields the sceptre."

So said a great man who realized the influence of song over hearts and feelings and ideals. Let me choose the songs of the home—we might say with equal emphasis—and I care not who is its ruler.

We need not care. For on the one hand the nature of the songs is an index of the thoughts and ideals of those who live in that home; on the other, the songs will soon shape the feelings and aspirations of those who sing them, to their own likeness.

What a powerful influence for good is slighted in carelessness about the songs in the home!

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**THE MOST SUBLIME SCENARIO**

On the 18th of February Lent begins. There is no reason to sigh about it. It is not a melancholy season. A good Lent should be the happiest of times. In it true happiness of heart should find its Springtime, as the word itself signifies.

Springtime is the season of growth. In a Lent well-spent, the soul grows in the habit of prayer, the habit of the frequentation of the Sacraments, the habit of daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the habit of self-restraint and self-control—and in general to a better realization of the meaning of life.

For, never do we get nearer to the greatest motive of all virtue and goodness, than during these days when the bitter Passion and Death of our Lord pass before our eyes, from day to day—the most wonderful scenario ever written.

You have often sat, perhaps, before the movie-screen, with tears in your eyes, because your hero—who was nothing at all to you—who had no thought of you—who was merely acting a part, suffered.

In the Passion of Our Lord you find a hero who combines in himself all the attractiveness that ever glowed in human face or eyes; in whom all the tenderness that ever throbbed in human breast; and the sweetheart for whom He suffers and dies—is your own particular soul.

That should impel us to make this Lent well: the fast, to the best of your ability; the Lenten devotions; daily visits; acts of self-restraint and little sacrifices of pleasures, that the love of our divine Hero may grow in us!

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### PALMS AND ASHES

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"Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

These are the words the priest uses when on Ash Wednesday he traces the sign of the cross on our foreheads with the ashes of the palms of last Palm Sunday.

The palms represent our prayers, our hymns of welcome, our professions of fidelity to our Savior. But they are turned to ashes—we have been so untrue to them; our performances are but sorry ashes of our promises. Let us bow our heads in contrition rich in new resolutions. This year keep the palms ever fresh and green!

The ashes represent, too, the things of this world—its pleasures and honors. So shall they pass and leave us but a handful of ashes that will speak of the glow that was once in them.

The ashes represent our own bodies—that will one day be a handful of dust in the grave. But—

"Dust thou art to dust returnest  
Was not spoken of the soul."

That shall live forever—in the other world's mansion we have built for it—forever in the character we have given it by our life in the body. That then is the important thing.

Yet—what care is given this thing of dust and ashes! How little to the soul!

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### OUR BOASTED FREEDOM

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Perhaps nothing is more ridiculed than the strictness with which the young people, boys and girls, are kept in countries of the Old World, like Ireland, Germany, or Italy, and it is often looked upon as a relic, not a very pleasant one, of the Middle Ages. (Pronounce this with the usual ignorant sneer.)

Meanwhile we boast our Freedom—the freedom from restraint which we allow our growing youth. And we say: that is the only way that you can prepare for marriage which is a matter of free choice.

But let us apply the test of results. In those olden countries divorces and broken marriages are seldom found. In our land the ruins and wrecks of marriages strew the land from north to south. One out of every 9 of these marriages prepared for by freedom from restraint, unrestrained liberty in association and courtship—turn out most unhappy, and in some places like Cleveland, every one in 3 almost.

This freedom from restraint in social intercourse of our youth—does it stand the test of results?

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### NO SERIOUS HARM

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Dr. Margaret Sullivan speaking before Y. W. C. A., denounced modern dances: "Those dances are East African sex dances. Dances of cannibals. They kill all modesty!"

On this Arthur Brisbane comments as follows:

"Not quite *All* modesty. Zola truly said: Every man has in him a hog slumbering. Occasionally the pig grunts, occasionally it eats and drinks too much, occasionally, when young it cavorts in foolish dancing, whisking its little hind legs. But there is no serious harm in it. It must do something, and it cannot think. It is quiet and fat enough later."

After seeing him characterize such amusement so faithfully, we are surprised at the levity with which he dismisses it—absolves it, so to speak. Is no serious harm done?

Isn't it serious harm to lose one's self-respect and lower oneself to the level of a brute or a cannibal even in youth?

Isn't it serious harm to build up a habit of immodesty in youth and so prepare the sins of the future?

Isn't it a serious harm to distort one's view of life by learning to consider such animal action as excusable even in the glorious days of youth when our ideals should be highest and when we should be building up a noble character in ourselves?

Isn't it a serious harm to offend God grievously by immodesty even once and to be to others the cause of many sins?

Isn't it serious harm to present such a spectacle to heaven as such amusements must be?

Isn't it serious harm by such delights to deprive oneself of the true pleasures of life and to make the noble enjoyments seem insipid and unsatisfactory?

Isn't it a serious harm if even a *part* of maidenly modesty is lost?

It is just this levity regarding the action of our young people that prepares so many unhappy marriages and so many unhappy lives. Such levity is unreasonable and unpardonable.

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### WITH THE VANGUARD

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We sent the flower of our young manhood across the sea to make the world safe for democracy. Now God is calling them bring the blessings of His Gospel to benighted heathen nations. American Catholics are rising to the call.

Maryknoll received its assignment recently. Now the Chinese Mission Society at Omaha, Nebraska, has received news from Rome, that the Holy Father has entrusted to the care of the Society a large, populous mission in the Province of Hupeh, in central China, with the city of Hanyang as headquarters. A little account of the new battle-ground of Faith, will interest all.

"The city of Hanyang with its two sister cities, Hankow and Wu-Chang, built at the confluence of the Yangtse and the Han rivers, form the commercial capital of central China. The Yangtse river is navigable to large boats as far as the Tripple City, as the capital of Hupeh is sometimes called—a distance of six hundred miles. A line of railroad runs through this district from Pekin in the north as far as the Quangtung border in the south, and at present an American company is planning a new railroad through the Yangtse gorges into western China. This railroad will open up a huge wealthy district to the world and will add still more to the importance of Hanyang and the neighboring cities.

"The field assigned by the Holy See to the Chinese Mission Society extends over several thousand square miles of central Hupeh. It is estimated that its total population is nearly four million. The city of Hanyang, which will be the headquarters of their activities, has a population of roughly half a million, while the three cities together have a total population of two million.

"The importance of central Hupeh as a mission field has long ago been seen by the non-Catholic missionaries. At present they have in the district some three hundred missionaries of various denominations. They have in addition a large, well-equipped university—Boone Uni-

versity at Wu-Chang, and a number of high schools, where English is taught and students are prepared for American universities.

Before the end of the present year, the Chinese Mission Society hopes to have between thirty and forty missionaries, from Ireland and the United States, working in their newly appointed district. The central position of their mission and the means of communication it affords with the surrounding provinces will undoubtedly be of great advantage to them in establishing the Faith in the heart of China."

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### THE PHILIPPINES

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Do you know how a busy housewife feels after she has broken her back scrubbing and polishing, if a bedraggled pup and a rapscallion boy drag their muddy feet over her shining floor and she has to begin her work all over again?

Well, these selfsame sentiments must surge up within the broad bosom of Uncle Sam for, after he has finished laying down the law to the nations of the earth as to how they must forthwith concede the blessing of self-determination to all subject nations (unless some "secret treaty" or some "internal question" requires the contrary), along comes a Philippino professor and publishes a book saying that we should quit playing stepfather to the Philippinos and let them govern themselves.

No less a statesman than Mr. Dooley, of Archey Road fame, broke his head over the question of the Philippines years ago and couldn't decide what to do with them: "We can't give thim to anny wan," he says, "without makin' the wan that gets thim feel the way Doherty felt to Clancy whin Clancy med a frindly call an' give Doherty's childher the measles. We can't sell them; we can't ate thim, an' we can't throw thim in the alley whin no wan is lookin'. . . . They'se wan consolation; an' that is, if the American people can govern themselves, they can govern annything that walks."

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You may tell a man by his friends; but there are no friends so intimate as his thoughts. If you know the companions of his mind, you know what kind of man he is.—*Fr. Maturin.*

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Life is a school of character. We are placed here to be formed for eternity.—*Fr. Maturin.*



	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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Dr. Thos. P. Hart, President of the Catholic Press Association of the U. S. and Canada, has called a meeting of the organization in Washington, D. C., Jan. 23 and 24. The action was taken at the invitation of Bishop William Russell, Secretary of the Bishops' Administrative Committee, and is an outgrowth of the recent Bishops' Convention.

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According to news from Rome, almost every week new countries are seeking to establish or renew diplomatic connections with the Vatican. Roumania is now preparing to make a concordat with the Holy See, and its representative, Bishop Radu, of Grosswardein, has already been received by the Pope.

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The *Universe*, of London, England, this year celebrates the 60th anniversary of its foundation. It was launched in 1860, at the express request of Cardinal Wiseman. It is an honor to English Catholics. The *Universe* is a weekly paper.

At the same time *LeDevoir*, a Canadian Catholic daily is commemorating its 10th anniversary.

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At the first annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association of Pennsylvania, among other resolutions, the two following were put on record: 1) As citizens of this Commonwealth, we demand due recognition of our educational rights, and we urge a prudent and careful scrutiny of proposed legislation that might prove prejudicial to the rights guaranteed to all citizens by the Constitution.—2) We direct the attention of Catholic parents to the obligation of taking a personal interest in the school work of their children, by insisting on their spending an adequate amount of time in preparing their lessons at home, and in general by cooperating with teachers and pastors in the work of the Catholic school.

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In Michigan, the following amendment to the State Constitution is proposed: "Section 16. All residents of the State of Michigan between the ages of five years and sixteen years shall attend the public schools in their respective districts until they have graduated from the eighth grade; provided, that in districts where the grades do not reach the eighth, then all persons herein described in such districts shall complete the course taught therein."

Another bolt aimed at the Catholic School. Michigan can boast, or better, feel ashamed of possessing one of those despicable things,—a bigotry—society, "The Wayne County Civic Association."

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The Pope celebrated a special Mass recently on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of the foundation of the American College in Rome. Sixty American students were present.

A measure known as the Capper Bill has been introduced in Congress, with the object of establishing a Chaplains' Corps, which is to be administered by chaplains representing the various churches of the country. It was prepared by the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains, after consultations with members of the Catholic Episcopate and prominent clergymen of Protestant denominations.

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St. Louis University has received a new President in the person of Rev. William Robison, the well-known pulpit-orator. He succeeds Very Rev. Bernard J. Otting, who held the office for the last seven years.

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One hundred and twenty delegates, representing lawyers, doctors and other callings, attended the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, convention at Augusta recently. It was a laymen's affair entirely, though Bishop Keily spoke. This society, formed to fight bigotry, has become internationally famous and has won the special blessing of the Pope.

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The plant of the Menace Publishing Company at Aurora, Missouri, —the publishers of the dirty Menace,—was destroyed by fire, in December. If they revive, no doubt, they will prove that the Catholic Church did it!

\* \* \*

Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit has determined to organize the Catholic activities of his diocese, and for this purpose has launched the Associated Catholic Activities.

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The Catholic Publishing Company of Manila, P. I., is aiming to establish a Catholic daily paper.

\* \* \*

The newly elected President of the Swiss Confederated Republic, M. Netta, is a Catholic. At the same election another Swiss Catholic, M. Musy, was returned as member of the Swiss Federal Council from the Canton of Friburg; it is the first time since 1848 that this Canton has sent a Catholic to the Federal Council.

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Rt. Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J., was consecrated Archbishop of Bombay in India on December 22 just past. Many will recall the spiritual profit they derived from his books.

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There are five Catholics in the United States Senate (1/19 of the total number), and 45 Catholics among the 440 members of the House of Representatives (10 per cent of the total).

\* \* \*

Catholic Journalism lost one of its most brilliant lights in Father Louis G. Deppen, who died recently in Louisville, Ky: He was editor of the *Record*, a Catholic weekly.

According to the figures of Edmund B. Haserodt, county clerk for Cleveland and Cuyahoga County (Ohio), 10,935 marriage licenses were issued during 1919, and 3,380 divorce suits filed. Roughly speaking, one divorce to every three marriages. The reading of such statistics is becoming sickening!

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Mr. Soun, a delegate of the Chinese Republic, is a convert to the Catholic Church, which up to some years ago he looked on as an enemy of his country. Mr. Soun, addressing the mandarins (civil rulers) of Ningpo, told of his conversion. Among other things he said:

"Enlightened and recognizing the errors of my past belief, it is a relief to my conscience, gentlemen, to tell you who are not Catholics, that I fully realize how mistaken were my ideas. And who knows but that some of you share in that mistake and think as I did. I now see that not only can one be a Catholic and a faithful Chinese, but also that Catholicism in China and throughout the entire world is the basis of the purest patriotism, and the unfailing source of all the sacrifices it demands."

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Approximately 193,000 former soldiers, sailors and marines were placed in jobs throughout the country during the year 1919 by the nationwide employment bureaus established by the K. of C. The lowest amount of wages which any of these jobs brought was \$18; the average \$40 per week.

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In his annual report of the Catholic Diocesan schools of Cleveland, Rev. Wm. A. Kane, superintendent, announces that Cleveland Court of the Daughters of Isabella, has pledged \$5,000 a year for the maintenance of the Girls' Catholic High School.

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Negotiations were concluded by Rev. Timothy Dempsey for the purchase of the old St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, St. Louis, to be used as a working girls' home. The purchase price was \$20,000. "I have found a few angels," said Father Dempsey, speaking of his financial backers in this enterprise.

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According to a New York dispatch, the Episcopal Church is to establish a "vatican" in that similar to the Catholic establishment at Rome, from which the American church will be directed. Bishop Gailer of Tennessee, has been elected president of this council for three years. The church, it was said, is to have a college of Cardinals. What next!

\* \* \*

A Paris paper recently asked the question: What are the Jesuits good for?" and gave the ironical answer: "For kindly presenting the University of France with building sites." The occasion was the recent debate on the need of new buildings for the Paris Faculty of Medicine. Lafferre, ex-grand master of masonry and minister of education proposed confiscating the Jesuit College of Vangirard for the purpose.

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*I would like to ask if it was a sin to hear Billy Sunday's sermons. I went to hear him on several occasions and I find that he is very fair-minded toward the Catholic Church; and will you please tell me if I can have a Mass read for his conversion?—M. A. R.*

a) Why should any Catholic wish to go to Billy Sunday for religious instruction? Either he preaches the truth and then he can only tell you what you hear with far greater profit from the pulpit in church—because there you hear it from a priest who has all the grace of his ordination and the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church; then you hear it in the very presence of Jesus on the altar who silently blesses the priest's words and your hearts; there you hear it in surroundings that help it to make a deeper impression on your soul.

Or he does not preach the truth: then why should I pay him to tell me lies? Why should I endanger my own faith by listening to falsehood persuasively told as truth? Why should I lead others, perhaps weak in faith, to put themselves in danger of losing their faith completely?

Would it be reasonable to give rise to all this harm just for a little curiosity on my part?

b) Certainly you can have a Mass offered for his conversion. God works silently and in ways wholly hidden from us. Who knows how many of the distinguished converts who recently came into the Church, received that grace through the prayers and offerings of some soul all unknown to them?

*Is it allowed to use the ouija board? Some seem to think it is. I would like to have your opinion.*

This question has been answered before, and I am surprised that you still ask for our opinion. It is just a matter of curiosity to you, look up the back numbers of the Liguorian. If you wish to have our candid opinion in order to be guided by it, we will repeat it for you.

Nature forbids it. Nature generally punishes those who fail against it. But nature has seldom spoken so clearly as it has in the case of habitual use of the

ouija board. It breaks down mental powers, the power to think aright, which makes you "a little less than the angel"; it works havoc with will-power, which makes you the noblest of God's creatures.

Reason forbids it. Right reason tells us that we have ordinary means of knowledge given us, which are entirely safe, sufficient and reliable. I am a fool, then, if I have recourse to such means as can give me most unreliable, most unsatisfactory, and most suspicious knowledge.

Sensible people forbid it. Read Dr. Raupert's strong arraignment of the use of the ouija board, and the many quotations he brings from authorities in this matter. Members of the faculty of the University of Michigan have declared war on the ouija board, calling it a menace to University students. Two coeds are suffering from nervous breakdowns owing to ouija "communications".

Conscience forbids it. The very fact that you ask shows that you do not trust the matter; and we have not yet found anyone who has not had qualms of conscience, sooner or later, about it. The very fact that the source of the ouija board (it comes from spiritists) is so bad; that its nature is so suspicious (more like the door through which evil spirits would come in than anything we know); that its effects, at least after continued use, are so harmful (both for body and soul)—is already more than sufficient to make its use wrong.

The Church forbids it implicitly. The Church has never spoken about the ouija board in particular; but it forbids attendance at spiritistic seances. Does this not show her desire, at least, to banish the use of everything savoring of spiritism and used in it?

Considering all this, am I justified in using the ouija board just for fun?

*I would like to understand just what the priest is doing at every part of the Mass.*

Try to secure a Missal (Mass-book) in English. Several editions are now in print.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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*Life-Sketch of Mother Mary Lawrence, F. M. M.* By Rev. D. J. Sullivan.

We sincerely hope this short life-sketch of a beautiful soul will fall into the hands of many American girls. It can hardly do otherwise than awaken in more than one a desire to emulate this noble nun who gave her life that wandering souls might be brought into the true fold of Christ.

Though born in Canada, Mother Mary Lawrence passed her girlhood days in the United States. At the age of twenty-four she entered the Order of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Quebec. After some years of labor in America and in Rome, she was sent to the Far East to labor in Manchuria. What she endured and what she accomplished in the three short years of life that remained to her can best be learned by reading her life yourself. It is published by the Propagation of the Faith Society, 25 Granby Street, Boston, Mass.

*Willie-Frank of Stedley.* By M. De L. Kennedy. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. Price \$1.00; postpaid \$1.10.

The supply of good Catholic juvenile literature can never be too abundant. The heroes and heroines of their books are as true companions of the children as their live little playmates, and have an equal influence on them. In "Willie-Frank of Stedley" we have a number of children's adventures, one after the other as the children like them, told in a most charming and natural way. We are sure that many a Catholic child will gladly and profitably make the acquaintance of "Willie-Frank" and having followed him to the last chapter of this book, will be eager to know more about him and his friends.

*Model English. Book II.* By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. Allyn & Bacon, Chicago. Price 90c net.

Any high school teacher of English who has used Donnelly's "Imitation and Analysis", will welcome "Model English. Book II. The Qualities of Style". This book is designed for the advanced work of high school and academy and may be used through two years. It teaches composition by the

following of models. Definitions are given in the form of directions.

A great variety of forms is presented; excellences are noted; defects are pointed out; the composition is analyzed; the subjects suggested are easily adaptable to any class of scholars, and the topic is so prepared that the student is stimulated to think for himself, and then to model his thoughts on the form given. The imitation advised is not so close as in Book I. In general, it is a very useful book for teachers in secondary schools.

*True Stories for First Communicants.* B. Herder Book Co., 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price 90c, postage extra.

The decree of Pope Pius X on early Communion of Children laid a new though not unwelcome burden upon those engaged in the instruction of children. How prepare these little ones so dear to the Master's Heart for their first reception of Holy Communion? Those who have felt the difficulty will welcome this little book of eighty pages from the hands of a Sister of Notre Dame. The stories it contains are true to fact and entwined with a freshness and brightness sure to please the children. Even the older ones who have already approached the Holy Table will find their fervor and love for the Eucharistic King renewed and strengthened.

*Health Through Will Power.* By James J. Walsh, M. D. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

"Next to the fear of the Lord," wrote St. Peter Fourier, "esteem nothing so much as health; it is preferable to all the wealth in the world." Dr. Walsh heartily agrees with the saint, and for that reason has gone to the trouble of writing this volume. As the title itself intimates, the author maintains that the means to preserve or regain our health lies within ourselves, in the power of our own wills. And happily, he makes his point in a style free from technical terms. The book is only another proof that when Dr. Walsh says something, he has something to say.

	Lucid Intervals	
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"Man is a tyrant, an absolute tyrant," said his wife to a company of friends. "Isn't he, John?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"Why, it all depends, my dear, upon—"

"Is he or is he not?" she asked as she fixed her eyes upon him.

"He is."

Two Scots were on a journey on a hot summer day. "Hae ye got any food wi' ye, McNab?" asked one.

"Ou, ay, a bottle of beer. What hae you, McAllister?"

"Dried tongue."

"Guid! Then we'll gae halves wi' oor proveessions."

The beer was duly divided and drunk. McNab wiped his whiskers:

"Noo for yer dry tongue, McAllister!"

"Mon," said McAllister, "it's no dry noo!"

One day, according to the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph, Willie had been a source of continual vexation and trouble all through luncheon, and at its finish a woman friend turned to Mrs. Jones and said:

"If your boy belonged to me I wouldn't stand so much of his nonsense at mealtimes. I'd give him a thrashing."

"But," said the mother, "you can't spank the poor little fellow on a full stomach."

"No," said her friend, "but you can turn him over."

A girl, a great lover of Nature, approaching a typical fisherman, said:

"Ah, sir, how well you must know the face of Nature, and know it in all its false moods! Have you ever seen the sun sinking in such a glare of glory that it swallows up the horizon with fire?"

"Have you not seen the mist gliding down the hilltop like a spectre? Have you never," she went on, impassionately, "seen the moon struggling to shake off the grip of the ragged, rugged stormcloud?"

"No, miss," responded the fisherman. "I used to see them things, but now the country's dry."

Tommy—"How many presents did yer git?"

Sammy—"Twenty-one. How many did you git?"

Tommy—"Nineteen. But I'll bet yer I can make more noise with mine than yer can wid yours."

"See that girl over there?"

"Yes."

"She gets rings from men she doesn't know."

"How's that?"

"She's a telephone girl."

There had been a quarrel. Everybody could see that the minute they came into the car. The woman sat with rigid jaw, her hands folded forbiddingly over her stomach. The man scrooched down on his spine and glowered at the signs across the aisle. The car wondered. Then there came a dead silence as the car halted to let off a passenger. Into the silence came the woman's voice:

"If it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest fool in Chicago."

Then for the first time the man grinned, and the others grinned with him.

"Are you dining anywhere on Wednesday, Spongeleigh?"

"No, old man, I'm not. Do you—"

"Then you'll be awful hungry on Thursday, won't you?"

"I may not be so big a fool as I look," said he to her. They were having a quarrel.

"No?" she replied sweetly. "Then you have a great deal to be thankful for."

"I see they are making shingles out of cement now."

"Then I take back my wish to be a boy again."

A Long Island farmer advertizes for sale "A cow that gives five quarts of milk a day, also two grindstones, one set of harness and a hay rake." Some cow, we'll say.

Every once in a while somebody gets sent to the Senate for six years and nobody knows what he has done to deserve the sentence.